

BLUEBEARD'S PICTURE BOOK



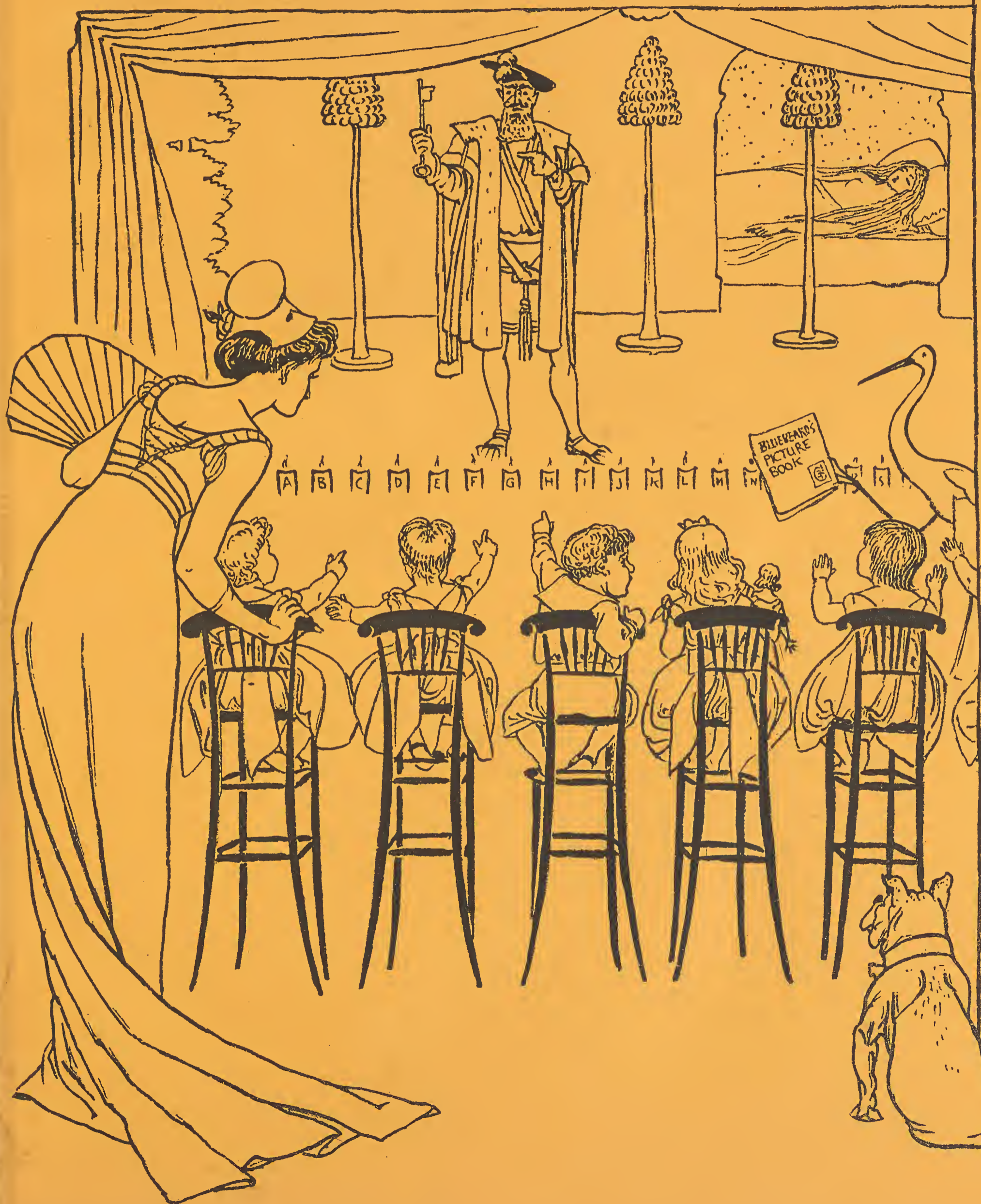
WITH DESIGNS BY



WALTER CRANE

CONTAINING
BLUEBEARD,
THE SLEEPING
BEAUTY, AND
THE BABY'S
OWN ALPHABET





HIS BABYSHIP'S
THEATRE ROYAL

OWN A.B.C

BLUEBEARD

SLEEPING
BEAUTY

From the library of

MISS ELIZABETH KEAN

*Presented by Miss Lucy H. Kean
April 1925.*

BLUEBEARD'S PICTURE BOOK.



CONTAINING:
BLUEBEARD,
THE SLEEPING BEAU-
TY, AND
BABY'S OWN ALPHA-
BET
WITH THE ORIGINAL
COLOURED DESIGNS
BY
WALTER CRANE.
ENGRAVED & PRINTED BY
EDMUND EVANS.

LONDON & NEW YORK JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD

PREFACE.



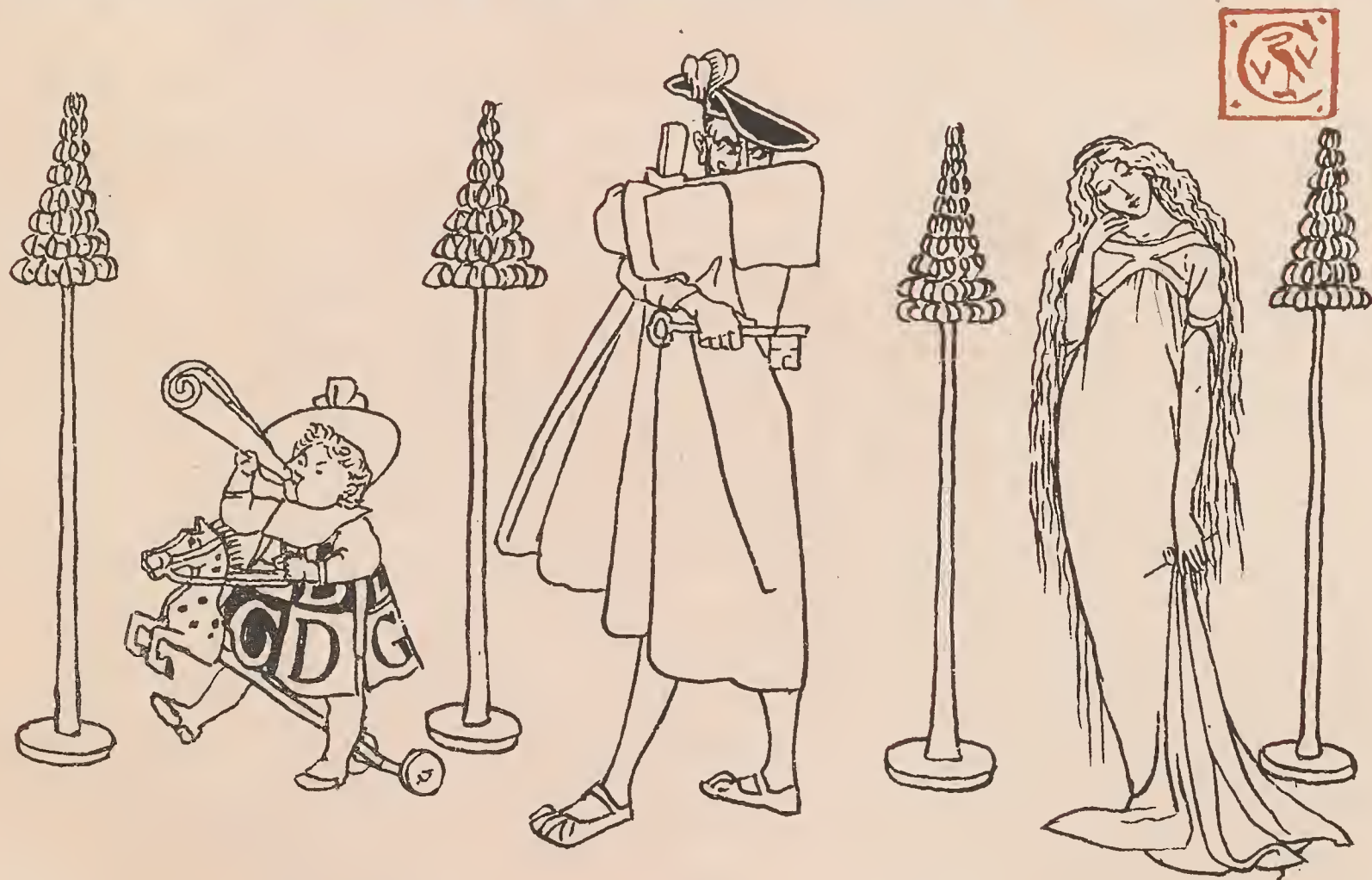
B **LUEBEARD'S** key, no doubt, unlocked many mysteries, and he may have had among his treasures a picture-book, if only to amuse his wives with, or to divert their attention from his own dark designs: but it must not be supposed that **BLUEBEARD**, although he is not free from the suspicion of having put several beauties to sleep - in presenting himself again with **THE SLEEPING BEAUTY** is at all responsible for her enchanted slumber, or that either **BLUEBEARD** or **THE SLEEPING BEAUTY** are concerned with **BABY'S OWN ALPHABET** - except for the spelling of their own names.

These time honoured personages must, in their present form be rather regarded as the figures in the antique tapestry which decorates the storied walls of the festive nursery guest hall, where His Babyship invites, by his letters patent, a motley company of old friends in fancy dress for his disport, and for the pleasure of all contemporary despots of the rattle, not to speak of the larger baby-public content to look over the heads

on the front bench.

Or, 'an it may please you, we may take, as the more natural order our **A.B.C.** first (as indeed we should) to represent the "curtain-raiser" - something light and playful before the heavy tragedy of **BLUEBEARD**, & the fairy romance of **THE SLEEPING BEAUTY**. It is all one - at least they are all in one book now; and it is hoped, both by artist and publisher, that they will "fill the bill", and draw the baby-public, small and great, as of old.

At all events one may feel certain that when **BABY** has learnt his **OWN ALPHABET** he will be sure to demand a book of the words - so here 'it is.



Sreatley-on-Thames. Aug: 1899.

WALTER CRANE'S PICTURE BOOKS: RE-ISSUE

BLUE BEARD



LONDON & NEW YORK JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD





WALTER CRANE'S PICTURE BOOKS - RE-ISSUE -

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BLUEBEARD.

ONCE on a time there lived a man
hated by all he knew,
Both that his ways were very bad,
and that his beard was blue ;
But as he was so rich and grand, and
led a merry life,
A lady he contrived at last to induce
to be his wife.



For a month after the wedding they
lived and had good cheer,
And then said Bluebeard to his wife,
“ I’ll say good-bye, my dear ;
“ Indeed, it is but for six weeks that I
shall be away,
“ I beg that you’ll invite your friends,
and feast and dance and play ;
“ And all my property I’ll leave con-
fided to your care :
“ Here are the keys of all my chests,
there’s plenty and to spare.

" But this small key belongs to one small
room on the ground-floor,—

" And this you must not open, or you
will repent it sore."

And so he went; and all the friends
came there from far and wide,

And in her wealth the lady took much
happiness and pride;

But in a while this kind of joy grew
nearly satisfied,





And oft she saw the closet door, and longed
to look inside.

At last she could no more refrain, and turned
the little key,

And looked within, and fainted straight the
horrid sight to see ;

For there upon the floor was blood, and on
the walls were wives,

For Bluebeard first had married them, then
cut their throats with knives.

And this poor wife, distracted, picked the key
up from the floor,
All stained with blood ; and with much fear
she shut and locked the door.
She tried in vain to clean the key and wash
the stain away
With sand and soap,—it was no use. Blue-
beard came back that day ;
At once he asked her for the key,—he saw
the bloody stain,—





*"You have been in the closet once,
and you shall go again!"*

*"O spare me, spare me! give me
time, nor kill me hastily!"*

*"You have a quarter of an hour,—
then, madam, you must die!"*

*"O sister Anne, go up, go up, and
look out from the tower ;*

*"I'm dead unless my brothers come
in a quarter of an hour!"*

And Anne looked once, and Anne
looked twice, and nothing saw
abroad,

But shining sun and growing grass,
and dust upon the road.



"Come down!" cried Bluebeard, "time is up!" With many a sigh and moan, She prayed him for a minute more; he shouted still, "Come down!"

"O sister Anne, look out, look out! and do you nothing see?"

"At last I see our brothers two come riding hastily."

"Now spare me, Bluebeard,—spare thy wife!" but as the words were said,



And just as Bluebeard's cruel blade was
descending on her head,
In rushed the brothers with their swords,—
they cut the murderer down,
And saved their sister's life, and gained
much glory and renown;
And then they all with gold and plate and
jewels rare made free,
And ever after lived content on Blue-
beard's property.

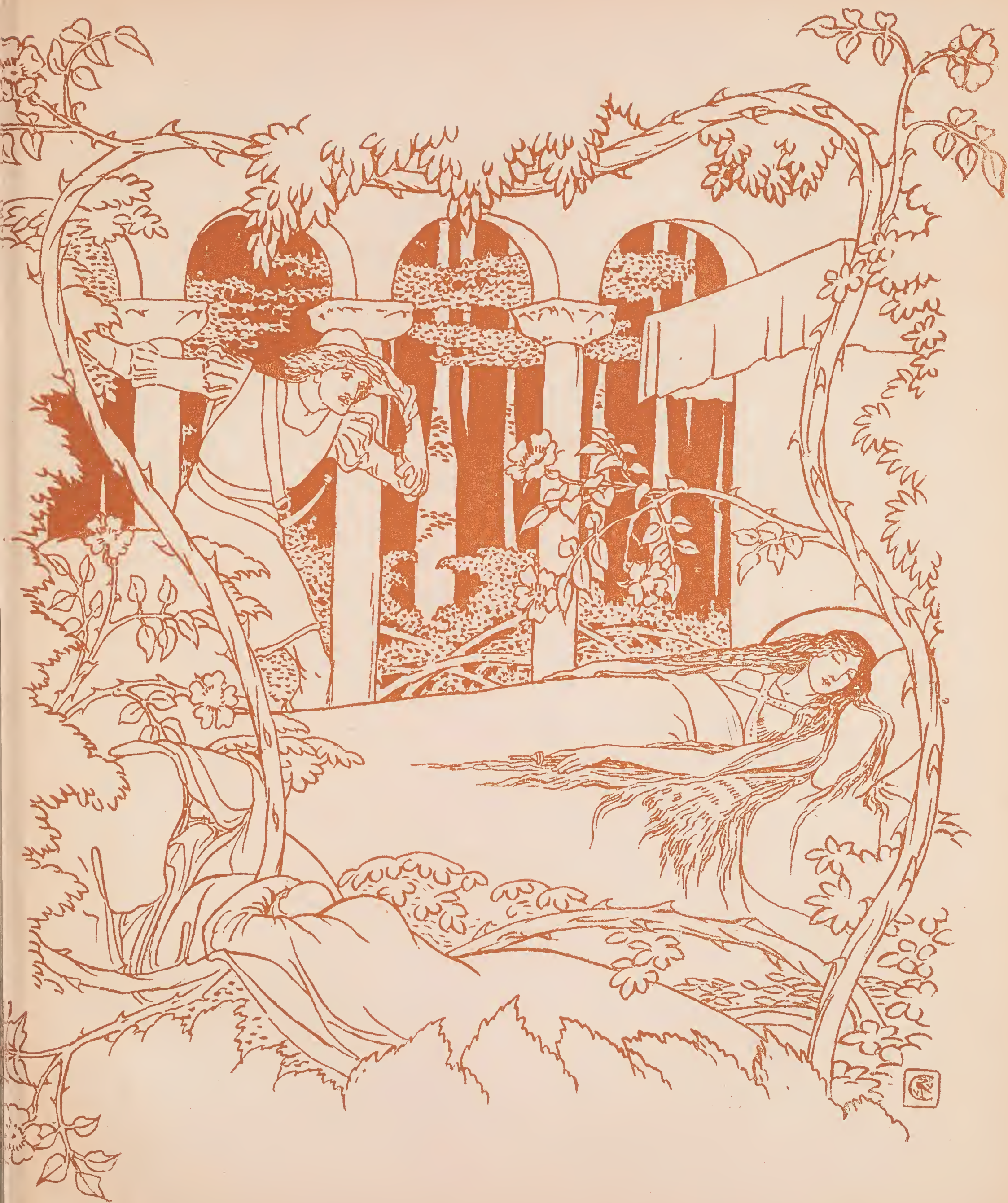
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THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.



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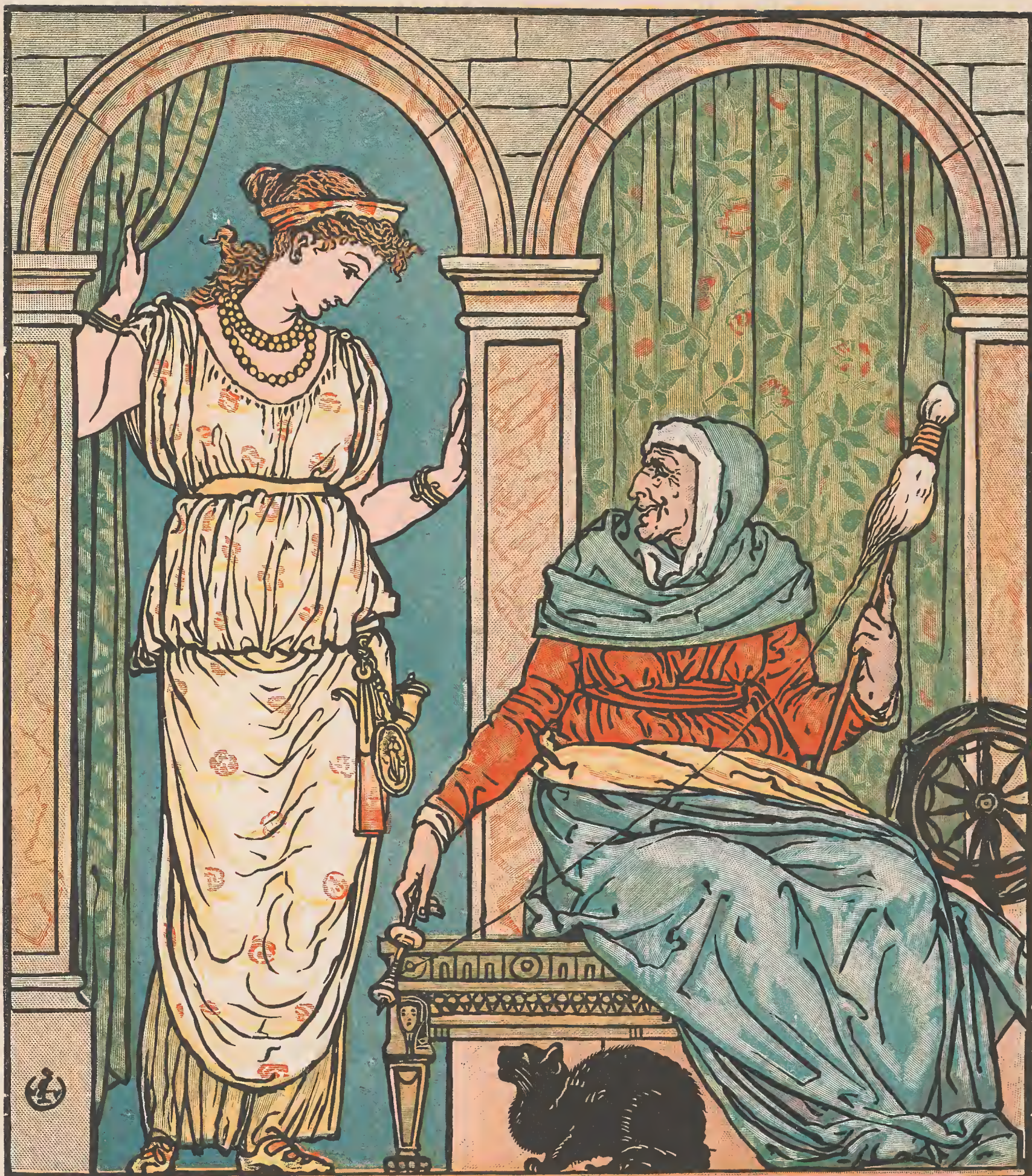
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THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

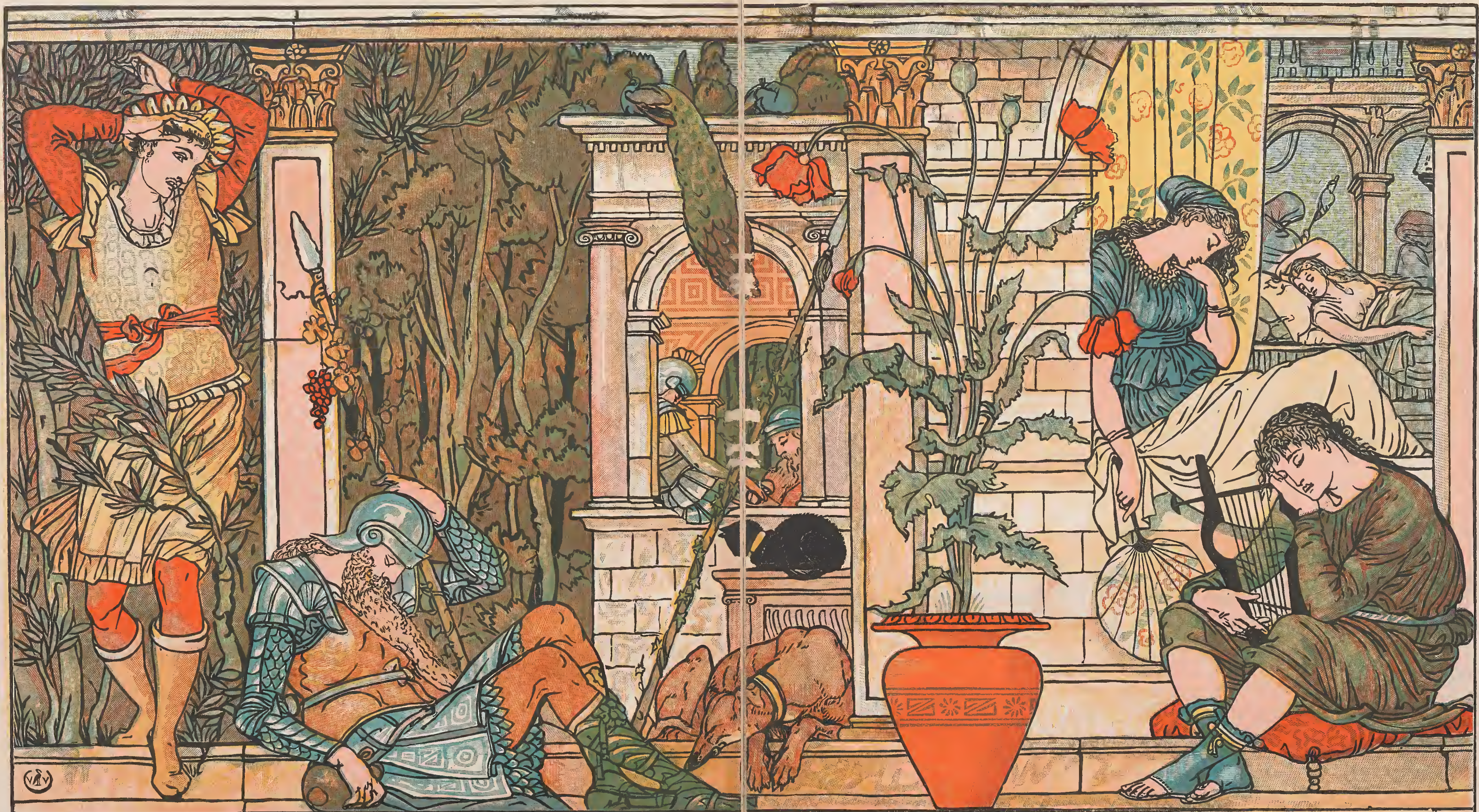
LONG, long ago, in ancient times, there lived a King and Queen,
And for the blessing of a child their longing sore had been ;
At last, a little daughter fair, to their great joy, was given,
And to the christening feast they made, they bade the Fairies seven—



The Fairies seven, who loved the land—that they the child might bless ;
Yet one old Fairy they left out, in pure forgetfulness.
And at the feast, the dishes fair were of the reddest gold ;
But when the Fairy came, not one for her, so bad and old.
Angry was she, because her place and dish had been forgot,
And angry things she muttered long, and kept her anger hot,



Until the Fairy godmothers their gifts and wishes gave :
She waited long to spoil the gifts, and her revenge to have.
One gave the Princess goodness, and one gave her beauty rare ;
One gave her sweetest singing voice ; one, gracious mien and air ;
One, skill in dancing ; one, all cleverness ; and then the crone
Came forth, and muttered, angry still, and good gift gave she none ;



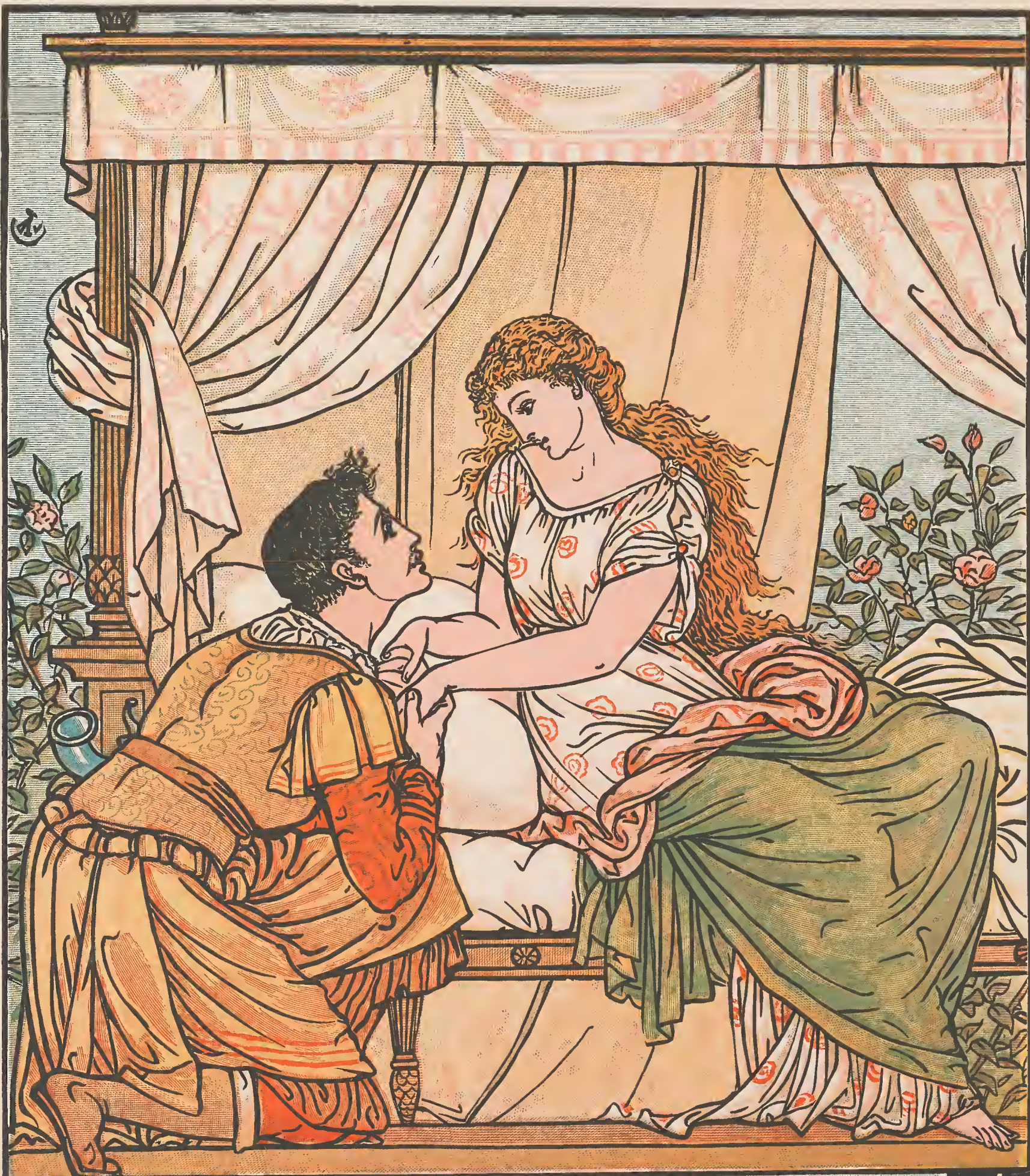
But said, that in the future years the Princess young should die,
By pricking of a spindle-point—ah, woeful prophecy!
But now, a kind young Fairy, who had waited to the last, [are past;
Stepped forth, and said, “No, she shall sleep till a hundred years
“And then she shall be awakened by a King’s son—truth I tell—
“And he will take her for his wife, and all will yet be well.”

In vain in all her father’s Court the spinning-wheel’s forbid
In vain in all the country-side the spindles sharp are hid;
For in a lonely turret high, and up a winding stair, [care.
There lives an ancient woman who still turns her wheel with
The Princess found her out one day, and tried to learn to spin;
Alas! the spindle pricked her hand—the charm had entered in!

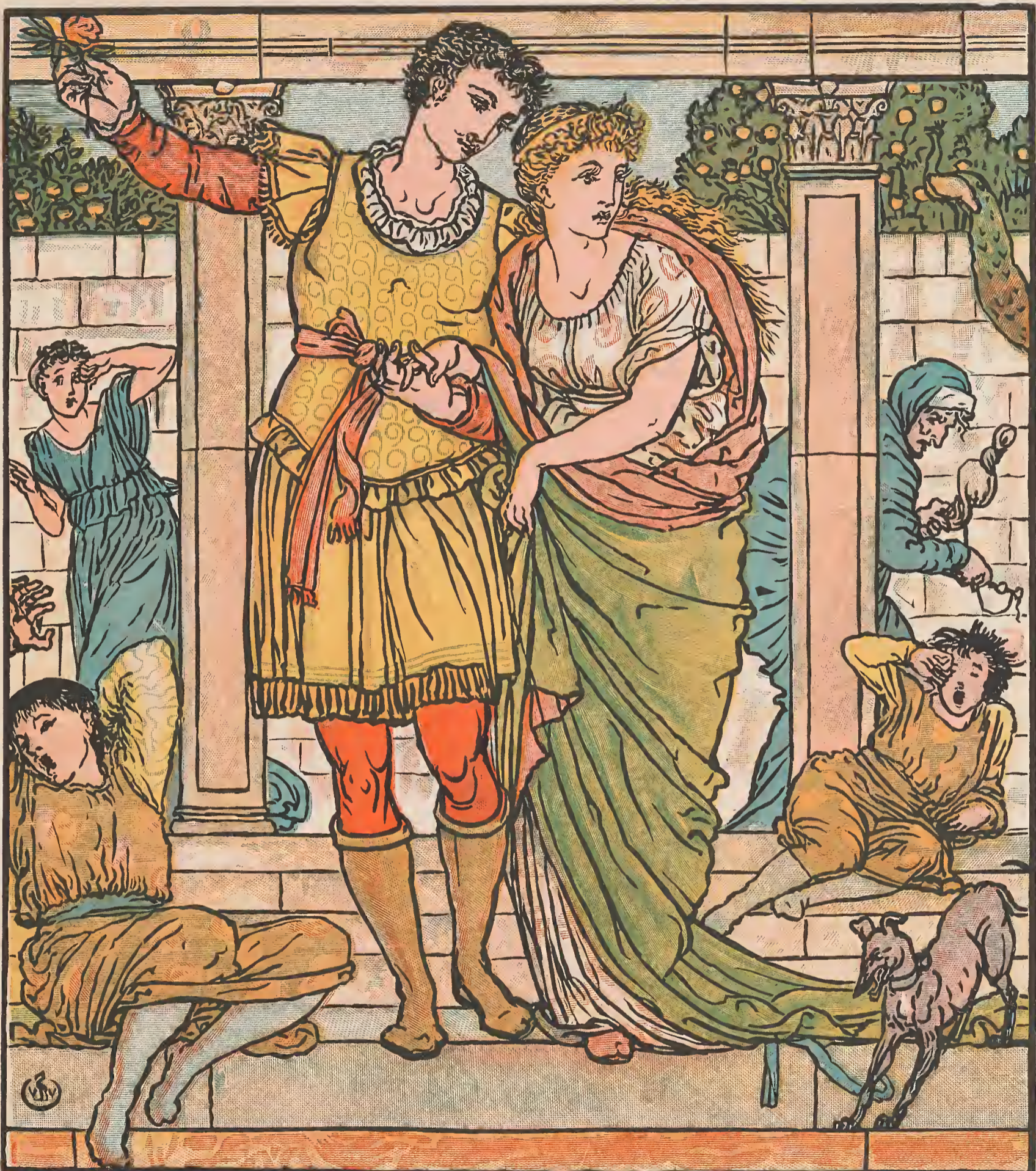
And down she falls in death-like sleep: they lay her on her bed,
And all around her sink to rest—a palace of the dead!
A hundred years pass—still they sleep, and all around the place
A wood of thorns has risen up—no path a man can trace.
At last, a King’s son, in the hunt, asked how long it had stood,
And what old towers were those he saw above the ancient wood,



An aged peasant told of an enchanted palace, where
A sleeping King and Court lay hid, and sleeping Princess fair,
Through the thick wood, that gave him way, and past the thorns that drew
Their sharpest points another way, the King's son presses through.
He reached the guard, the court, the hall,—and there, where'er he stept,
He saw the sentinels, and grooms, and courtiers as they slept.



Ladies in act to smile, and pages in attendance wait;
The horses slept within their stalls, the dogs about the gate.
The King's son presses on, into an inner chamber fair,
And sees, laid on a silken bed, a lovely lady there;
So sweet a face, so fair—was never beauty such as this;
He stands—he stoops to gaze—he kneels—he wakes her with a kiss.

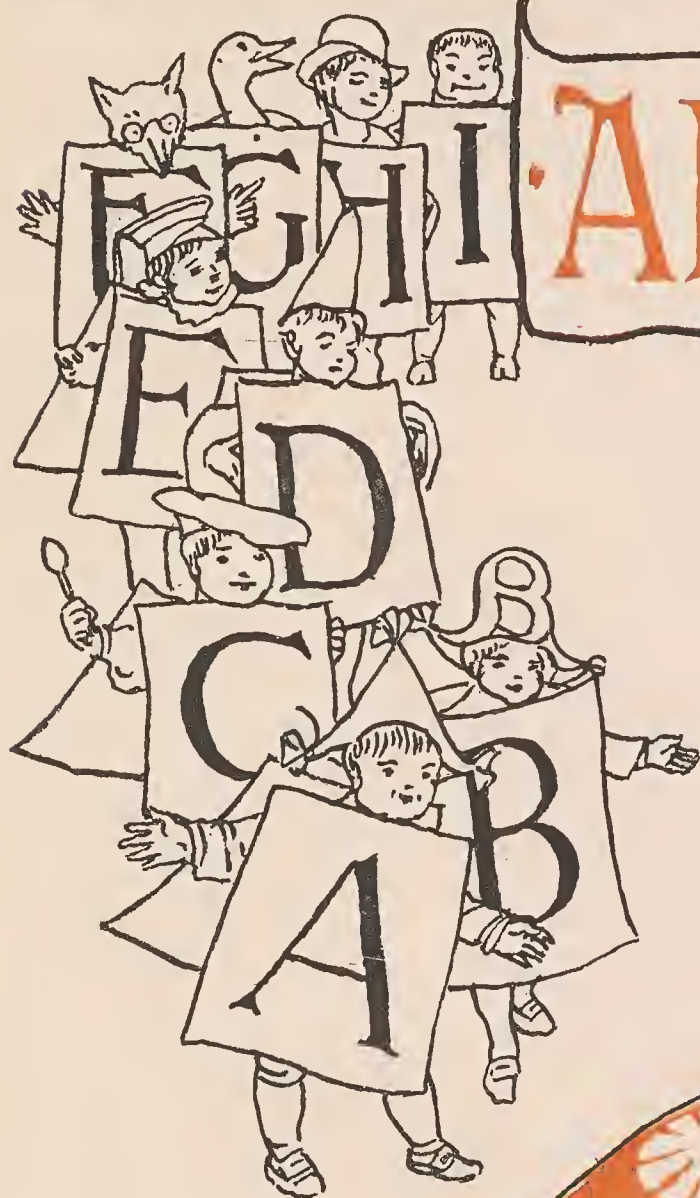


He leads her forth ; the magic sleep of all the Court is o'er,—
They wake, they move, they talk, they laugh, just as they did of yore
A hundred years ago. The King and Queen awake, and tell
How all has happed, rejoicing much that all has ended well.
They hold the wedding that same day, with mirth and feasting good—
The wedding of the Prince and Sleeping Beauty in the Wood.

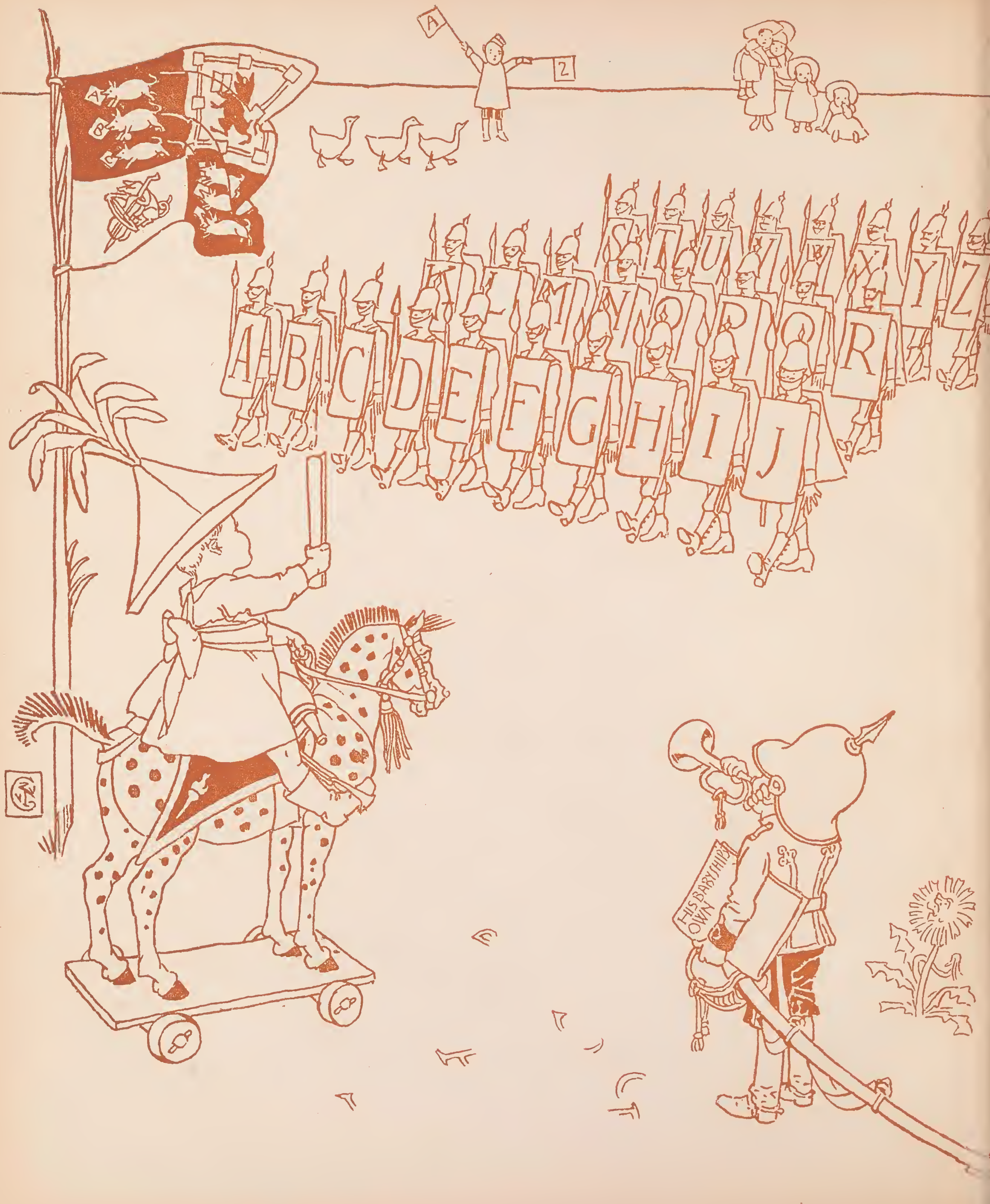
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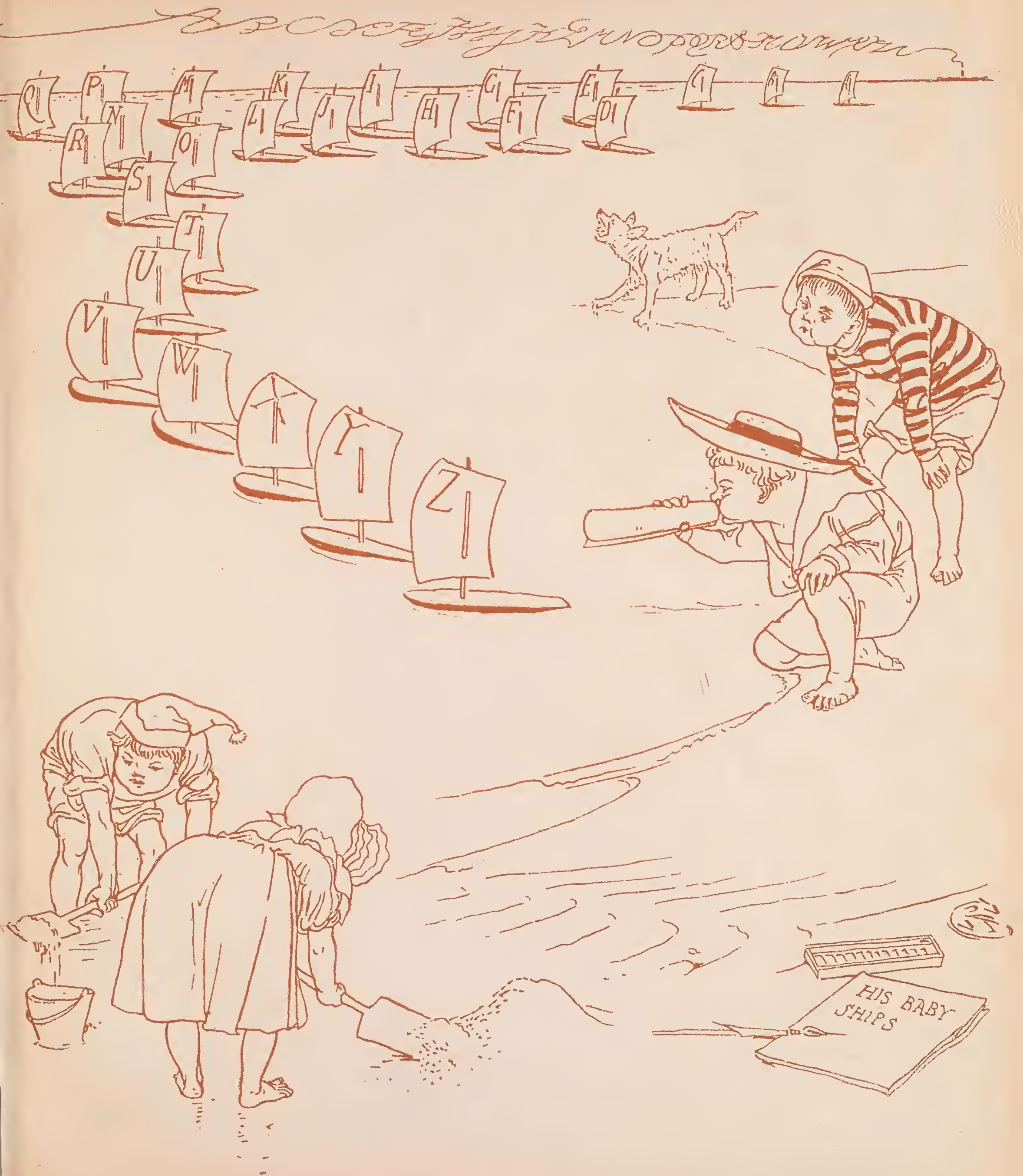
THE BABY'S OWN

ALPHABET



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A a



As I was going up Pippin Hill, There I met a pretty miss,
Pippin hill was dirty, And she dropped me a curtsy.

B b



Boys and girls come out to play, Come with a whoop, come with a call,
The moon doth shine as bright as day: Come with a goodwill, or not at all.

C c



Little Tommy Trout
Cuckoo, cherry tree! How many years I have to live!
Ding, dong, bell, Pussy's in the well.
Who put her in? Naughty Johnny Green
Who pulled her out?

D d

Ff



EARLY to bed, and early to rise, Is the way to be healthy, wealthy, and wise.

Gg



FOR every evil under the sun There is a remedy, or there is none. If there be one, try and find it; If there be none, never mind it.



GREAT A, little A; Bouncing B; The cat's in the cupboard, And she can't see me.



K k

L l

M m



KING O' KATCHEM met a King, Says this king to that king
In a narrow lane ; "Where have you been?"



"Oh, I've been a hunting
With my dog & my doe
Pray lend him to me
That I may do so."
"There's the dog!
TAKE the dog!
"What's the dog's name?"
"I've told you already
Pray tell me again."

LADY BIRD, lady bird, fly away home,
Your house is a-fire, your children all gone,
All but one that lies under a stone ;
Fly thee home, lady bird, ere it be gone!



MULTIPLICATION is vexation,
Division's twice as bad ;
The Rule of Three it puzzles me,
And Fractions drive me mad !

N
O
P



NIEVIE, nievie, nicknack, Tak' the right, or tak' the wrangle
Which hand will ye tak'? I'll beguile ye, if I can.



H, Mother, I'm to be married To Mr Pun, To Mr Nel, { Mr Pun, Mr Chin, Mr Nel,
To Mr Punchinello, To Mr Chin, To Mr Lo, } To Mr Punchinello. (Mr Lo



PAT a cake, pat a cake, baker's man, Prick it, and bake it, and mark it with B,
Prick it and bake it as fast as you can; And put it in the oven for baby and me.

Q
R
S



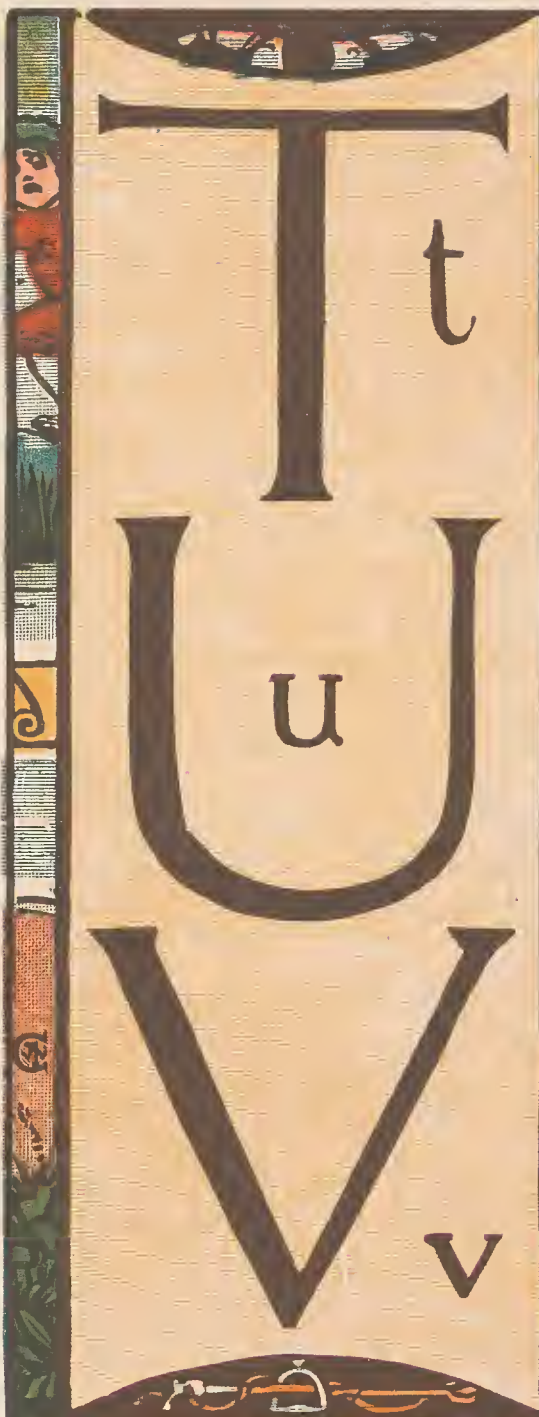
QUEEN of Hearts, She made some tarts, All on a summer's day:
The Knave of Hearts, He stole the tarts, And took them all away.



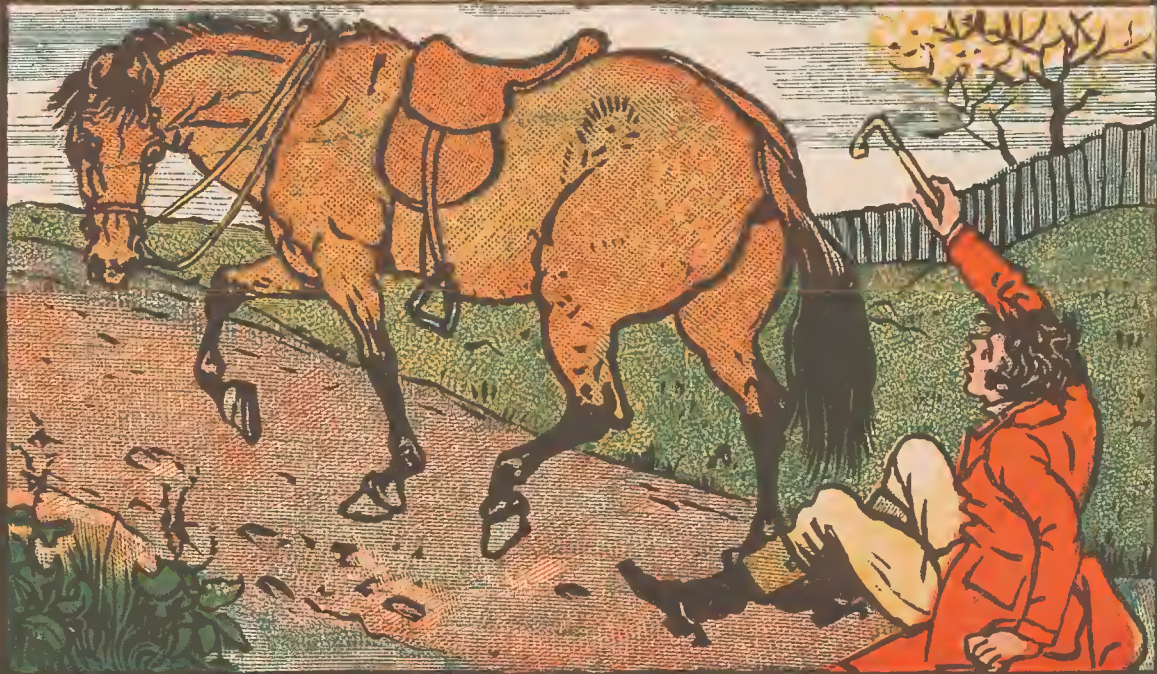
RAIN, rain, Go to Spain, And never come back again.



SEE, Saw, Margery Daw, & Sold her bed, and lay upon straw.



Three children sliding on the ice, As it fell out, they all fell in:
Upon a summer's day; The rest they ran away:



UP hill spare me, Down hill ware me, On level ground spare me not, } And in the stable }
forget me not.



VALENTINE The rose is red; the Violet's blue The pink is sweet; & so are you.

W

w



WE'LL go a-shooting, says Robin to Bobbin; We go a-shooting, says Richard
We'll go a-shooting, says John all alone; We'll go a-shooting, says every one. [to John]

X

x



XMAS GIFTS. The first day of XMAS. The king sent
Xmas My mother sent to me. This lady on the first Yule day,
A partridge in a pear tree. Who learns my catol & carries it away?

Y

y

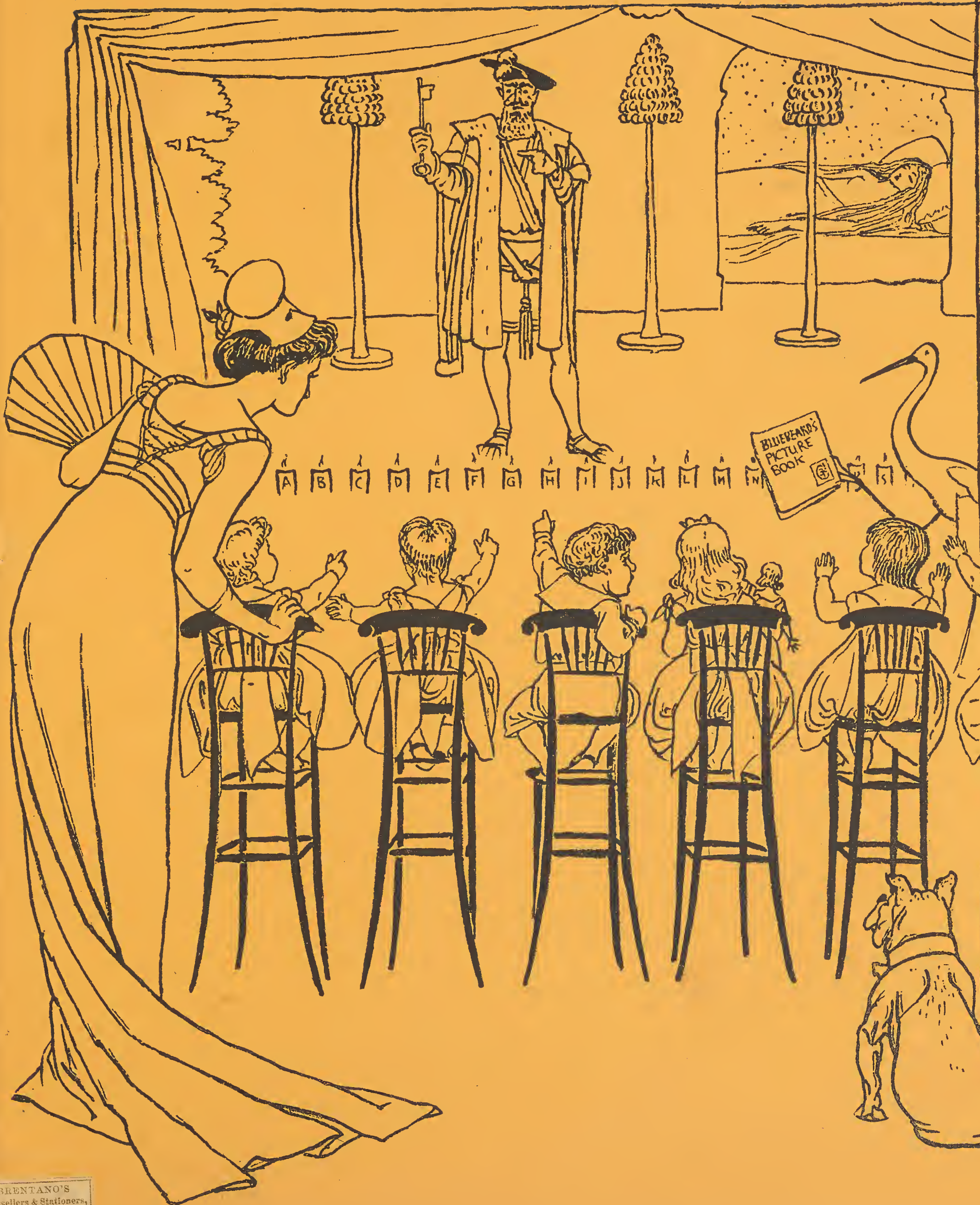


Z

z

ZOOLOGICAL Gardens, where you shall go too; But it's through ABC that we get to the Zoo





HIS BABYSHIP'S
THEATRE ROYAL

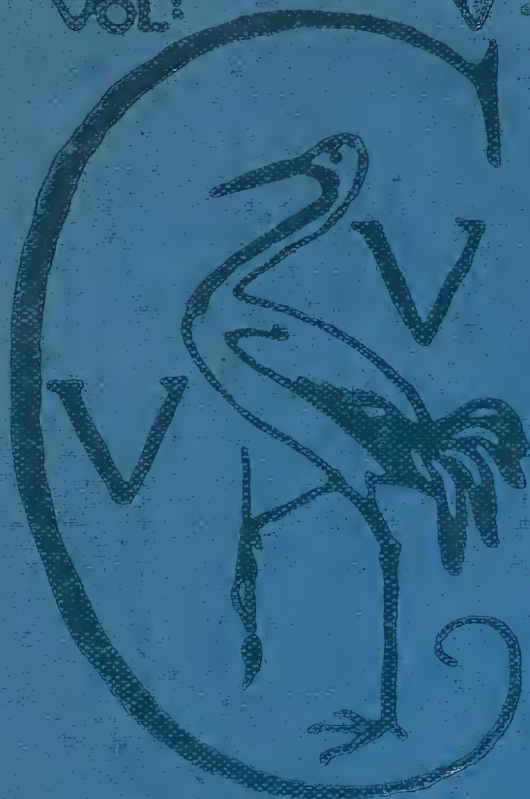
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